

Bowser Has A New Hobby

Decides to Adopt the Metric System and Attempts to Instruct Mrs. B.

TOO QUICK FOR HIM

Beats Him at His Own Game and He Beats an Ignominious Retreat: His Quick Collapse.

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MR. BOWSER'S face wore a bland smile when he left the office for home the other afternoon, and his air was paternal and as he greeted Mrs. Bowser. He had struck a good deal, and he was tickled over it. Had found the cook gone and Mrs. Bowser with a headache he would not have minded much. During dinner he was drowsy itself, and there was every reason to hope that he had a couple of water tickets in his pocket. After dinner he waited to get his cigar alight and then observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, I presume you learned various tables in mathematics when you went to school?"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"You can tell, can you, how many make a furlong and how many make a pound?"

"I might if I should try my hardest." "Did you ever investigate to find out our tables of weights and measures came from?"

"They were established by the government, of course."

"But where did the government get them from?"

"I can't say as to that."

"No, of course you can't. You are too busy looking for sixty-cent hosiery at 38 cents to give the matter any attention. I have never posted myself as to whether we had the best or the poorest system on earth. You have known that sixteen ounces make a pound in America and that has been enough for you, whether you got it or not. You have seen three feet for a yard and been

a moment I will post you. It is a good thing for you that you have a man who looks into things. Let me say that one kilometer is 18,000 meters and is equal to 3,280 feet, or five-eighths of a mile."

"Is it possible?" "Certainly it is possible. You may learn after awhile that there is something new under the sun besides new hats."

"And is one meter, the base of the metric system and its unit, 39.37 inches in length, or 3.37 inches longer than a yard?" she innocently asked.

"What?" he exclaimed as he turned on her.

"One decimeter is one-tenth of a meter, isn't it?"

"Woman, what are you trying to get at?"

"And one centimeter is one-hundredth of a meter and is about two-fifths of an inch in length?"

A chill struck Mr. Bowser plumb center in the heart, and he began to turn red and pale.

"And as I remember it," continued Mrs. Bowser, "one millimeter is one-thousandth of a meter, or approximately one twenty-fifth of an inch, and its use corresponds to that of the one thirty-second of an inch in the English duodecimal measure. If I am wrong, please correct me."

"Woman, what hodgepodge is this?" shouted Mr. Bowser in tones of thunder, but at the same time with a fear in his soul.

"Why, we are talking about the metric system, you know. Of course I know very little about it, and as you know all I want to ask you if it is true that one hectare has sides 100 meters in length, or about 328 feet, and is equal in area to 2.47 acres."

Mr. Bowser didn't reply. In fact, he was swallowing at his Adam's apple so hard that he couldn't reply. Mrs. Bowser pitied him, and yet she went on:

"Of course you are better posted than I am, as you are not around looking for seventy-five cent neckties at 28 cents, but I believe that one metric ton equals 100 kilograms, or 2,204 pounds, and is, almost equivalent to the English long ton—2,240 pounds—and is practically 10 per cent more than the short ton, which is 2,000 pounds."

"Is—is this a put up job on me?" he managed to ask as she finished.

"I don't know what you mean, dear. I simply told you that I thought I had seen the metric system mentioned in the papers. I am not sure, but I think that one kilogram is 1,000 grams and is equivalent to two and one-fifth pounds. This weight and the half kilogram are the metric weights in common use. The half kilo is about one and three-fifths ounces heavier than the avoirdupois pound."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, and that one gram is a little more than fifteen grains and is equal in weight of a cubic centimeter of water. It is the unit of metric weight."

"Go on, woman—go on!" he hoarsely whispered.

"One centigram is one-hundredth of a gram and a little more than one-seventh of a grain. It is much used in weighing drugs. The milligram, which is about one sixtieth of a grain, is employed in minute calculations."

"Anything more, madam?"

"Why, I believe that one liter is equal in volume to one cubic decimeter of water, weighs one kilogram and is equivalent to one and one-tenth quarts. One hectoliter is 100 liters and corresponds to the small barrel."

Mrs. Bowser had gone right through the system, a thing he couldn't have done to save his life, and Mr. Bowser was in a box. He felt the humiliation and loss of prestige, but he couldn't make up his mind whether to kill the cat or set the house afire. In this emergency he put on his hat and overcoat and banged the door after him.

"Will you be back soon?" called Mrs. Bowser after him, but he made no reply.

She sat up for him until midnight, and at that hour a policeman brought him home and said to her as she answered the bell:

"Madam, do you know this man? I found him sitting in a snowdrift and talking about kilograms, kilos and centimeters, but the grocer's boy says he thinks it is Mr. Bowser."

It was, and he was taken in and put to bed according to the newer and better system.

M. QUAD.

Between Friends.

Ethyl—But Jack is a little too fond of wine, is he not?

Mayme—Yes, I suppose so; but he has agreed to stop drinking if I'll marry him.

Ethyl—Well, you'll probably find it easier for him to begin again than it is for you to get a divorce.—Baltimore Sun.

Warm.

"All my threats didn't bother him at all," said the collector.

"No?" replied the merchant. "Said we could go as far as we liked, eh?"

"Well—er—I think the place he mentioned was farther than you'd like."—Philadelphia Press.

A Born Peasantry.

The Consoling One—There is a silver lining to the blackest cloud.

Don't Be

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April 15th is EASTER

Orders for Easter delivery taken up to noon Friday, April 6th. When necessary we use the wires.

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WE SHALL DEMAND THAT CONGRESS MAKE THE CHANGE," HE SAID.

disfused with thirty-four inches. You've taken a pint and a half of molasses for two quarts and made no mistake."

"Well, what has happened with weights and measures?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"You confess your ignorance, do you?"

"Yes, certainly. If there is anything to confess."

"Then I will proceed to enlighten you. In fact, it is my duty as your husband to enlighten you. Whenever you are willing to confess ignorance on a subject you can come to me. Have you by any possibility read or heard of the metric system?"

"I—I believe I have seen it mentioned."

"But you don't know whether it is eyewater for a blind mule or a new way to pump water from the well. It is just like a woman. The metric system, Mrs. Bowser, as I take pleasure in informing you, is the world's system of weights and measures—all over the world but America. Where we got our system from nobody knows, but it is the worst ever and has caused no end of trouble to our business men. We've finally decided to adopt the metric system."

"Who do you mean by we?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"The business men of the country," answered as he swelled out his chest. "We shall demand that congress make the change, and it will be done. You will now wish me to tell you what the metric system is, and if you can't get your mind on bargains, sales for

The Disconsolate One—I suppose so, but did you ever notice that it always is on the other side of it?—San Francisco Call.



Wise—Your wife has been tailoring your trousers. Simple—How did you know it? Wise—Oh, I read it in the "press."—Princeton Tiger.

Finnigan Philosophy. The fact that some min. kin say trotfully that they never did anything they wuz ashe-amed ay is more av a confession that they hov no sinse av shurame than annything lise.—Judge.

Right. Irrate Wife—I want to know, sir, what time it was when you got home last night! Husband (meekly)—A quarter of 12, my dear. Irrate Wife—Twelve nothing! The clock had just struck 3, and—Husband (triumphantly)—Well, ain't that a quarter of 12?—Judge.

The Modern Method. They're initiating William. You can hear him yell and shout. They will soon proceed to take his Vermiform appendix out. You can hear their yells of triumph. And it makes your blood frappe. They're initiating William. In the good old fashioned way. They'll tie him with a clothesline. To the track and then collect. All the microscopic pieces. For the coroner to inspect. Don't be hasty in your judgment. Do not interrupt their play. They're initiating William. In the strictly modern way. —Charles E. Nettleton in Brooklyn Life.

A Flattering Testimonial.

A very eminent London surgeon, one of the lights of the profession, one day observed a gentleman knocked down by a runaway horse. He went to his aid and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt.

The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint and with his own hands borrowed handkerchiefs, bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient in a cab and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by a young medical student.

"You've bandaged this pretty well," said the youth patronizingly.

"Not at all," said the other.

"I suppose you have been attending some ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but the little you've learned you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent to your house."

"I had better give you my card," said the eminent surgeon, and he did so.—Pearson's Weekly.

Revenge.

An old man leaving work got into a car. He had not gone far before the conductor asked him for twopence. The man said it was a penny for the distance he was going. The conductor said sharply to him, "Shut up and pay twopence." So he paid it.

The next morning the conductor received a letter without a stamp, which was surcharged as usual. When he opened it he was surprised to see written on paper, "Shut up and pay twopence."—London Tit-Bits.

He Marked.

"This," said the enthusiastic young reporter, "is going to be one of the best stories the paper has had for a month. Now, mark my words."

Whereupon the editor seized his large club shaped blue pencil and so did.

Grit.

Grit is the grain of character. It may be described as heroism materialized—spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.

—Whipple.

"EVERGREENS"

I will receive about April first a lot of fine "Arborvitae." They will be in a perfectly dormant condition and should do well here. They cannot be shipped here earlier as the ground is frozen where they are grown.

I shall have about one thousand of these trees and will offer them at very low prices to those who engage them before April, 1st.

There is nothing that makes a more beautiful ornamental hedge or is more attractive as a single specimen on a lawn. They are particularly fine for cemetery decoration.

I shall have the following sorts: Thuja Occidentalis (American Arborvitae) 2 to 3 feet high, 30¢ each. Thuja Occidentalis (American Arborvitae) 10 to 12 inches high, 15¢ each. Thuja Pyramidalis (Pyramidal Arborvitae) 12 to 18 inches high, 35¢ each. Thuja Siberica (Siberian Arborvitae) 10 to 12 inches high, 30¢ each. Thuja Orientalis (Chinese Arborvitae) 10 to 12 inches high, 15¢ each. Thuja Orientalis (Chinese Arborvitae) 4 to 6 inches high, 10¢ each.

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M. L. Bryan is selling the best cigars made at 10 cents each.